

# The Gleaner



**Spring Number**

**Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen**

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# The Gleaner

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VOL. V

APRIL, 1916

No. 9

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## Literæ

*NATHAN B. GOLUB, Editor*

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### POVERTY

My wife and I, while strolling along one of the streets of Washington, directed our steps toward the White House. We had not proceeded very far when we were accosted by a young man, neatly dressed, but of a dejected mood.

"How do you do, Art?" he said, and extended his white hand. I looked at him in amazement, and could not for the moment recall who he was. I gripped his hand in utter ignorance of who the peculiar owner was. I had not expected to meet anybody who knew me in the capital. He interrupted my meditation.

"Don't you remember me—John Ingersol?"

My bewilderment multiplied several times. Is this what became of J. Ingersol, the idler, who, while at Syracuse College, spent most of his time and money in sport? But, then, no wonder; "as we sow, so shall we reap." I had little time to speculate, and introduced my wife to him. He bowed with grace,

but with a very melancholy air. He gave me his address and departed, refusing to accompany us.

We proceeded to the Capitol and there spent the larger portion of the day. We returned to the hotel early enough, however, and I decided to visit my friend. An hour later I knocked at his door and was admitted without delay. I started back, upon examining the furniture and occupant, who stood forlorn, not knowing how to cope with the painful situation. His apparel bespoke dreadful poverty. One sleeve of his dirty shirt was torn off, the other full of holes. His hair was not combed and an immense growth of it extended way down his neck. It was an appalling aspect. The demon could not create anything more terrifying and horrible. A feeling of fear crept through my veins as he looked at me with his little shiny eyes. I concluded he was insane and took a step backward to retreat, but pleadingly he called me to stay. His voice rang

out clear, while tears steadily flowed on his wan cheeks. I sat down spellbound and waited for him to speak.

"After I left college," he began, "I went home to my people. My father was very ill and died a short while afterward. The whole business fell upon my shoulders. Ha, ha, ha! I, who was used to spending my time in mere frolics, had to manage the big steel concern that my father had owned. The treasury was depleted, and that, I found out, caused my father's death. I threw myself into the work with zeal, but soon became too tired to do anything. I left the whole affair in the hands of my manager, who did his best to cause my ruin, and succeeded. Then I took to drink and spent the remainder of the capital in clubs and debauchery. My mother soon died of grief, and I was left alone in the world, with nobody to confide in and everybody expecting me to show a liberal hand. I passed many sleepless nights, cursing Fate for all the luxuries that were afforded me in my childhood. Had I been born poor I would, perhaps, have attained an ambition to work. Little by little I was going down hill, until one day I found that I had only a few coins left to my name. Need I tell you of the suffering and pain it inflicted on me? I implored death to come and deliver me, but it seemed as if in spite it did not come. Then I found a remedy for all my troubles. I negotiated a contract with the deadly opium. Forgetfulness! That's what I needed, and opium helped to bring it about; but after a period of intoxication came

the inevitable result, physical, mental and moral wreckage. In such hours the world looked to me a perfect chaos, where men jump around like apes. I would lie on my bed for whole nights and not get a wink of sleep. Sometimes I would see visions—lions jumping on me and strangling me to death; then the delirium would change as suddenly as it came, and visions of glory followed. I found myself surrounded by the prettiest women of the world and I the 'king' of a nation!"

Here he stopped and looked at me sharply. I trembled under that menacing gaze.

"Yes," he resumed, "such were the visions that were heaped upon me. It very often chanced that I, the sanctioned king of opium, did not have the few cents necessary to purchase it and I began to steal to satisfy my craving. Now I am absolutely smitten and hope to pass into better worlds in the near future, where I'll join my parents."

I endeavored to console him and offered him my help, but he refused. I could not sit any longer and departed in a dejected mood. As I was running down the stairs I heard a shot ring from within. I hastened up and found my friend on the floor, face downward, and blood rushing from his temple, the smoking pistol lying on the floor near him.

There lay the victim of luxury, which is brought about by the privation and want of the many for the few.

NATHAN B. GOLUB, '17.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

It was one of those days when wealth added nothing more than misery to my existence, while I was looking for something to pass the time. It was then that the idea came to my mind to visit Sing Sing Prison. More and more it became impressed on me as I thought of it. With swiftness of thought unnatural to me I put it into execution. That same day I took a trip to the "home" of unfortunates.

When I arrived at the prison I was immediately admitted and shown with great courtesy to the office. There a warden took me to the most obscure corners of the prison. Passing by one of the prisoners, the warden remarked that he was unusually quiet. His countenance was strikingly handsome, although a world of sorrow showed in his eyes. I decided to exchange words with him and therefore approached him. He moved away, as if the presence of man was intolerable to him. I found it exceedingly difficult to obtain a few words with him, but my manner evidently moved him. He then began to relate to me the story of his life with painful vehemence, as follows:

"Two years ago, when I was released from prison for some crime that the court knows more about than I do, I was beset with detectives to observe and mark me, as the case is with most criminals. The first impulse I had was to leave New York and lead an honest life, as in former years. There was something, however, that kept me—I know not why—in New York. Nevertheless, I lived happily with

my wife and children for a few months, and considered myself the happiest man in existence."

The prisoner heaved an involuntary sigh and it seemed to be painful for him to go on with his narrative. My attempt to cheer him was in vain.

"Please don't disturb me," he said, and then continued: "I was returning from work one day and while elbowing my way through a crowded street I accidentally fell in line with a young lady. That detectives were following me I knew and was conscious of all the time. At that unlooked-for moment, the cursed hour that ruined my life and that of my family, a gang of pick-pockets appeared, and one of them snatched a pocketbook from the lady, which she carried in her hand, and disappeared in the crowd.

"My stupefaction and astonishment was indescribable when the detectives sprang up as from the ground and laid their heavy hands upon me. 'Again at your tricks,' one of them exclaimed. 'This time we will take better care of you.' I was then taken to a nearby police station and put in a cell until the next court session. I passed that night in painful agony, thinking of my wife and children, who awaited my return. I pictured to myself their distress and worry. I thought of the effect it would produce on my wife, whom I loved sincerely. She never doubted my innocence and guiltless conduct, but involuntarily my thoughts turned to believe that she would forsake me.

"Did she forsake me? No! Not she. She managed to see me the next day, although it was very hard to obtain access to my new abode. God! how altered she was! Her beautiful eyes were red from weeping. Oh, could I but kiss away those tears and comfort her in her distress and trouble! Being a professional criminal, the privilege was denied me."

He paused for breath, and then continued:

"They did not keep me very long before I was given a hearing. The judge proceeded with cold indifference with my case. Witnesses I had none—save the detectives. The only question I had to answer was, 'Were you ever in prison?' What could I say but the truth?

"The decision was shortly arrived at and I was sentenced without a word in my favor to five years in Sing Sing Prison."

Here he drooped his head and became silent, seemingly engaged in deep thoughts of his stay at that

prison.

"What became of your wife and children?" I inquired.

"What became of them?" he echoed. "God knows! I only saw them on departure and never since. The thoughts of how she looked that day are almost unbearable. I live in self-tormenting hours and oftentimes I muse deep into the night over it. She did not give vent to tears nor grief, but bore it heroically, as loving women know how; but still her behavior betrayed the acute suffering she underwent."

The warden, who was kind enough to leave us alone for a few moments, appeared, and the conversation ended as suddenly as it had begun.

I eagerly and affectionately pressed the extended hand, but I could not and dared not venture a word.

On my way home I was more melancholy than ever, and thought, "Is there any justice?"

NATHAN B. GOLUB, '17.

### SPRING IS HERE!

When the mantle white is leaving  
And the carpet green appears,  
When the buds begin their swelling,  
Spring is here!

When, now, a young man's fancy  
Swiftly turns to thoughts of love,  
The robin's solo tells us  
Spring is here!

When the sunshine wakes the  
flowers  
And, round them, bees do hum,  
'Tis then that Nature tells us  
Spring is here!

When the farmer plows his furrow  
And casts the seed about,  
Soon come the April showers—  
Spring is here!

MAXWELL BARNET, '17.

## WHY?

Why, in these progressive days,  
Do nations yearn to fight?  
Is it the sight of clotted gore  
That leads them into strife?

From hills and vales the warriors  
come  
To answer their country's call;  
To shoot, to slay their fellow-  
man—  
To uphold their country's honor,  
grand!

Slowly, the Palm of Death is  
stretch'd,  
Her harvest is then begun—  
And soon the news of a death is  
heard—  
The death of an only son!

But now the awful fray is o'er—  
The maimed, the wounded return  
to homes,  
Away from blood and the cannon's  
roar,  
To be under the Dove of Peace  
once more.

—*Anonymous.*

Mr. A.—Your answer is as clear  
as mud.

Freshie—Well, that covers the  
ground, doesn't it?

Doc. W.—Where do you find  
sand dunes in Pennsylvania?

Sol. Adler—In New York.

Doc. W.—In geology, what is  
meant by a "Butte"?

Matty (half asleep)—A chicken.

## SPRING

All things bright and beautiful—  
The creatures great and small,  
All things wide and wonderful,  
The Lord hath made them all.

Each little flower that upward  
springs.  
Each little bird that sings—  
He made their glowing colors,  
All these, the Springtime brings.

The rocky, craggy mountains,  
The river passing thru—  
These wonders are of thousands  
When Springtime is in view.

*Jos. Pouch, '19.*

"Casey", said Pat, "how do yez tell  
the age of a fowl?"

"Oi can always tell by the teeth",  
said Casey.

"By the teeth!" exclaimed Pat  
"But a fowl has no teeth!"

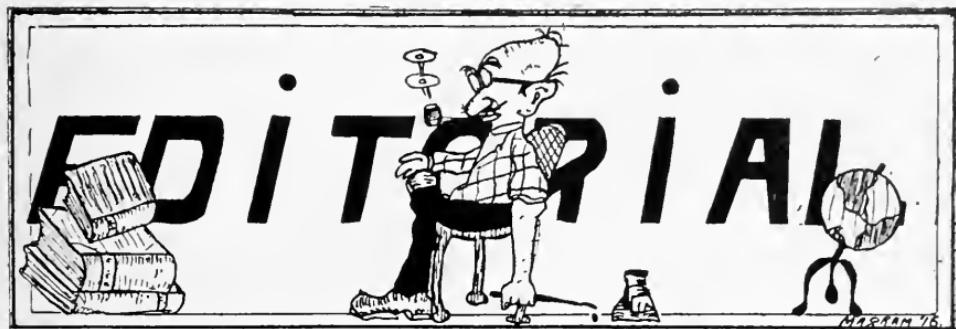
"No", admitted Casey, "but Oi  
have."

Hetty—Have you any aches or  
pains this morning?

Yussel—Yes, ma'am. It hurts  
me to breathe; in fact, the only  
trouble seems to be with my breath.

Hetty—All right. I'll give you  
something that will soon stop that.

The Freshmen have been buying  
extra-large-sized hats since some of  
the 1919 "Kitties" have made the  
team.



# The Gleaner

MAXWELL BARNET, Editor-in-Chief

NATHAN B. GOLUB, Literae

ABRAHAM GOLDSTON, Agriculture

CHARLES R. WAGNER, Athletics

WM. NAEFACH, Class and Clubs

HARRY SHUFFMAN, Exchange

BENJ. SMITH, Art

ISAAC SHAPIRO, Business Manager

ABRAHAM CAMEN, Advertisements

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PHILIP H. PROUTY, Faculty Advisor

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It is with sorrow that we report the leaving of one member of our Faculty, Mr. George Eaton, Jr., who, on April 1, assumed the role of Director of the Gilbert School of Practical Agriculture, in Georgetown, Conn. The above school could aptly be named the "National Farm School, Jr." as it is of the same class as our Alma Mater.

Mr. Eaton has been a member of our Faculty for the past five years, and in that time has helped to make our school what it is today.

If his stay at the National Farm School counts for anything, his success with his new undertaking is assured. The students of the N. F. S. wish Mr. Eaton the best of success.

Northman Hall, where we spend so much of our leisure time, has undergone a complete change. The four bare walls are now covered with beautiful college pennants, which makes the place look more like a social gathering spot. These

decorations are due to the generosity of Mr. Allman. The student body highly appreciates this, as well as other things through which Mr. Allman endeavors to place the social standing of our students on a higher plane.

Once more the time is ripe when we must appeal to our graduates of former years to co-operate with us to elevate our GLEANER to a higher standard. Graduates, you were the founders of this school

paper. You have watched its progress for the past five or six years. The mimeographed sheets are no longer seen. The mistakes and blurs of previous years you see no more. You see now a well-written paper—not to be compared to that of former years. How are we to make progress with the GLEANER unless you pay for each and every subscription. From now on, grads, absolutely no GLEANERS will be mailed to non-subscribers. Show your loyalty to dear old N. F. S.!

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## STATE AGRICULTURAL NOTES

It is estimated by experts of the Department of Agriculture that during 1915 there were 330,000 tons of commercial fertilizers, in bags, sold to the farmers of the State, at a cost of \$8,500,000.

Pennsylvania takes seventh place for the number of dairy cows in the United States and ranks twenty-second for other cattle. Wisconsin and New York lead with dairy cows and Texas and Iowa with other cattle.

More than 70 per cent of all the buckwheat raised in the United States is raised in Pennsylvania and New York, with the Keystone State leading by a margin of about 500,000 bushels over New York.

It is estimated that at least 600,000 tons of commercial feeding stuffs are sold annually in Pennsylvania and that they are valued at \$15,000,000. A greater portion of the feeding stuffs are imported from other States.

## BY THE WAY

Uncle Harmon says that he won't keep a yaller cow on the place—they give too much milk.

Our sweet child from Portsmouth is taking a correspondence course of love with—aw, never mind!

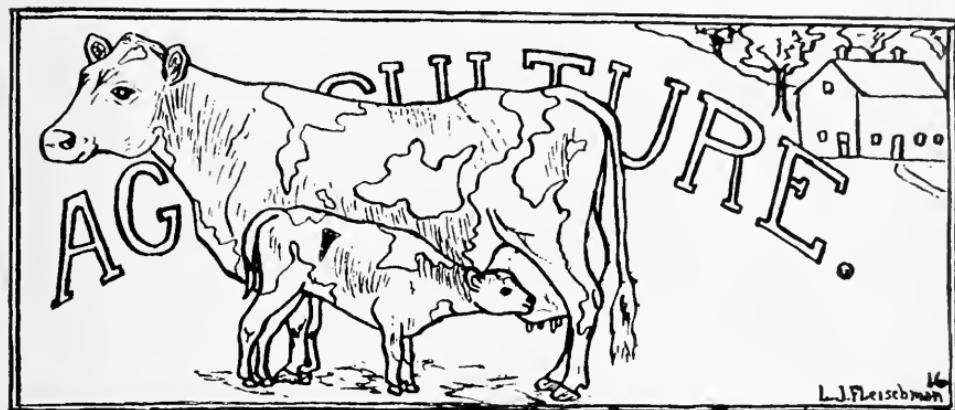
After the first of the month Professor Bishop intends to tie "Hetty Glenwood" in a knot to prevent her from slipping through the stanchion.

We have a Freshie with us whose specialty is the one-yard dash and three-handed auction pinochle.

Rozet is studying breeding. He "raised" enough dough to have his teeth put in—the ones I knocked out not long ago.—ED.

Toor is managing Farm No. 1. He has inherited the slave-driving qualities of Ross.

Rubin says he can harness a horse, but can't undress it.



*ABE GOLDSTON, Editor*

## THE SETTLEMENT OF ARID LANDS

The utilization of our arid lands by means of irrigation has gone on with great rapidity for the past decade. The early pioneers confronted a hazardous task when colonizing such land, as they did not have proper means of irrigation and were deficient in finances; therefore, it was impracticable to put the land in proper condition.

Today small towns and villages are numerous in these localities and the inhabitants are thrifty and prosperous.

The States having such lands have deemed it necessary to aid the colonists both financially and adviseably, for the welfare of the State. The physical hardships which the settlers must often endure are of the severest and constitute the chief deterrent to securing the best settlers. Therefore, the State must pave their way, to encourage the colonists. The speculator will not seek to monopolize the agricultural products of these regions, as is often the case in our Central States,

because it requires the investment of thousands of dollars and the State is his competitor. But the person who seeks to make agriculture his livelihood will co-operate with his neighbors and make good citizens and prosperous communities. With telephone lines, schools, churches, good roads and modern methods of transportation, the morality and sociability becomes more refined, thus resulting in the increase of land value.

The colonization of unirrigated land often causes the colonists to scatter, but, on the irrigated land, it is often so isolated as to cause them to settle thickly at the beginning, and this leads to co-operation of the farmers, which results in the co-operative means of their crop disposal and decreases competition.

Such crops are raised as to make the sandy, alkaline lands unrecognizable as such. And with little care, the land soon becomes as rich as the richest of our Eastern agricultural land. The United States

Department of Agriculture expends thousands of dollars annually for the welfare of these communities, so as to encourage the colonists. It also furnishes the settlers with best of supervision, so as to reap the best of harvests from the land.

A. R. GOLDSTON.

(Continued from page 14)

foar.—Always Butt inn ven an opperklasman iz torking.

seks;—Runn awl over de Lawns.

Sevin—Nefer taik yer hat off too de uper klasmen.

acht\*\*eg.—Nefer kall de teetchers perfressor as den liee dinks yer a gink.

Nein—Steel awl dee appels yer kan, den dey tink yer are sientifik.

Tenn—Dond do vot dees commandments tell yer to doo.

Yer afekshinit Bruder,  
J. Julius Schnitzle.

## FARM NOTES

### Main Farm

As there is nothing of particular importance to be done on the farm, we are shredding fodder and making arrangements for spring work.

L. G.

### Farm No. 1

The farm tools are in working order and we will begin spring work as soon as the weather permits.

C. F.

### Farm No. 3

Our forest land has been trimmed into good shape before the spring weather sets in, and all the farm tools are being put into good working condition for the spring and summer work.

A. G.

### Orchard Department

All the apple trees have been pruned and our first mixture of spray is ready to be applied to the orchard.

T. B.

### Poultry Department

The prospects for a successful season seem bright. Our mammoth incubator is running "full blast." Our hens and pullets are laying heavily.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of our new instructor to take Professor Eaton's place.

M. B., '17.

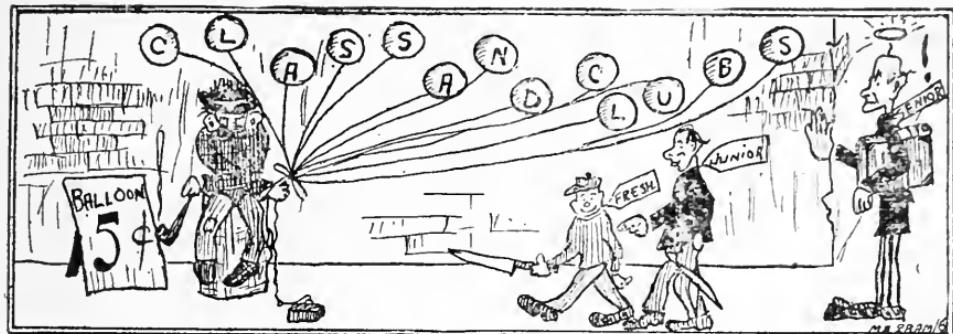
### Green House

Our sweet pea crop is exceptionally good and we are kept busy cutting the sweet peas, carnations, calla lilies and freezeas. The seedlings are being potted and will be ready to set out in the fields in the near future. We expect a good iris crop.

M. K.

The fruit grower who pays close attention to the grading and packing of his fruit will be the one to make a success of his business.

In tobacco growing Pennsylvania ranks sixth, being led by Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia, Ohio and Tennessee.

WM. NAEFACH, *Editor*

### 1917 CLASS

Our meetings during this month were exceptionally interesting, due to the fact that preparations were being made for our S. S. A. meeting (initiation of Freshmen).

Although every member of the class had a hand in the affair, it "ran off" smoothly and systematically. The meeting afforded great pleasure to all but the Freshies; some were weeping and howling for more milk, while others were trembling with fear at the sight of our bone crusher and sausage maker.

With the coming of warm weather we will surely devote part of our spare time to the summer sports. We have good reasons for expecting to be well represented on every team the school puts out.

A. C., '17.

### 1918 CLASS

As baseball season is about to open and with only three veterans of our last year's team left, we expect to trounce the "Freshies."

After losing so many members of our class, most of whom had athletic ability, and with only nineteen fellows left, we are about to undertake one of the hardest tasks ever undertaken by any Junior class. We expect to do our utmost to put a team on the diamond which will be victorious.

D. R., '18.

### 1919 CLASS

We are now an organized body and have elected officers as follows:

Pres., Noah Bass.

V. Pres., Russel Dally.

Sec., Robert Smith.

Treas., Bernard Goldschmidt.

Goldstein has been elected baseball captain, and we expect to put up a good fight with the Junior team.

We expect to be represented on the 'Varsity.

R. S., '19.

**LITERARY SOCIETY**

With the departure of the graduating class we were deprived of the valuable services of a few good members. Nevertheless, our membership is being steadily increased by the enrollment of new members from the various classes. We hope that our organization, as well as the whole student body, will benefit by their entrance and improve school life.

President Golub is rousing interest among the students by calling frequent meetings, which furnish extemporaneous programs.

We look forward with the hope that the Literary Society will stand out more prominently than in the past.

J. K., '18.

**GLEE CLUB**

The "gleeists" are making rapid strides toward ranking with Caruso, but it will take at least another year.

We gave a concert to the folks at Pipersville, which proved to be very successful. This consisted of vocal and instrumental selections, recitations, etc.

We welcome the Freshmen who have joined our ranks.

M. B., '17.

"Cutey," our eminent "swineologist," has come to the conclusion that the only way to make a pig stop crying for food is to feed it.

"What is chlorophyll?"

Voice from the rear: "A Freshman."

Here's to the lad who reads his Gleaner,

And reads his Gleaner alone;  
And doesn't read another's Gleaner

When he should be reading his

**THE N. F. S. SCIENCE CLUB**

The second open meeting was held in the Segal Hall Auditorium. A large assemblage of the students was present. The meeting was called by President Shapiro, and, after the routine business, the chair was given to Vice President Goldston. Mr. Goldston acted as chairman for the evening, in accordance with the custom that the president appoint a chairman for each open meeting. The program was educational and interesting. Doctor Washburn's paper on "Explosives" was filled with valuable information, and his explanation of the composition of explosives was appropriately exemplified by the ammunition used in the present European war. Mr. Pech addressed the audience on "The Manufacture of Silk Goods." His talk was a summary of the information and observation of the Science Club's trip to the silk mills of Doylestown. Mr. Golub, one of the initiates of this organization, had a well-chosen topic, "Commercial Bread Making." The N. F. S. Glee Club performed several times, and the evening was spent very enjoyably. After a talk on good and welfare by Mr. Allman the faculty advisor, the meeting adjourned.

own.

Rovin:—"Miss Borden, will you please correct this theme?"

Miss B.:—"What are you writing on?"

Rovin (after a few seconds' thought):—"On a piece of paper."

Prof. E.:—What animal makes the most economical gain on the least feed?

Voice from the rear:—A Freshman.

**BIOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT**

This department, although in its infancy, expects to accomplish a great deal in the coming year, as Professor Borden has received the necessary equipment with which experiments along bacteriological and zoological lines have been started.

Cultures showing the effect of disease on crops are to be made, and then, with the use of the recently acquired microscopes, the Juniors and Seniors will find their courses of phyto-pathology and agricultural bacteriology much more interesting than before.

Beside this, the entomological specimens are being transferred to individual vials, so that the course in entomology will be brought nearer the students.

Also, many seeds have been sprouted in sphagnum moss, so as to show the germination of seeds in order to aid in their course in practical botany.

W. N., '18.

**SOME SIGNS OF SPRING**

Harmon Kraft has decided that it is getting too warm for his corduroys.

Fishman, the laziest specimen of the mammalian group, has had his crop mowed.

"Mother" Abrams and "Granna" Thalheimer are busy washing milk bottles and nipples for the Freshmen.

The boys are innoculated with "Pseudomonas Bordenis Baseballlicacea," which causes the epidemic known as spring fever.

Mr. Young is cleaning his "tin lizzie." He says he will buy an automobile this year.

W.M. NAEFACH, '18.

**A FRESHIE'S LETTER,  
WRITTEN EIGHT MINUTES  
AFTER THE INITIATION**

form Schoole!

Pencyltuky—

April 28, 1916.

My der bruddler Byll:—

Up hear de big men—I meen de Seenyors and Joonyors, dey inyshaited me dis night. 1st dey brung me in an dark rum wher de lytes wer out, und dey make me hold a vire in eech on me hans, und den I no mor, caus ven I voke up, I see too big Seenyors standing bi me wid clubs. den wun feller—he look like a Gurman fellar, he make me role a mach stik on de floor wid me nose, und ven I neel down on de flor, he make me breed in, und de lpper, it make me snoozle.

den dey—de knoble Seenyors, dey gif me eg shampu wid rodden eggs und klip me hare off too de skin, und den he say I go to bed.

an odder Guy, He make me fyte a tin kan und by chiminy, de tin kan it run und chasse me in de Big room where der was a Joonyer who said to mee pritty roden language und I tell him strait to go to so he gave me a mixtoor of milk mit Epsum saltz.

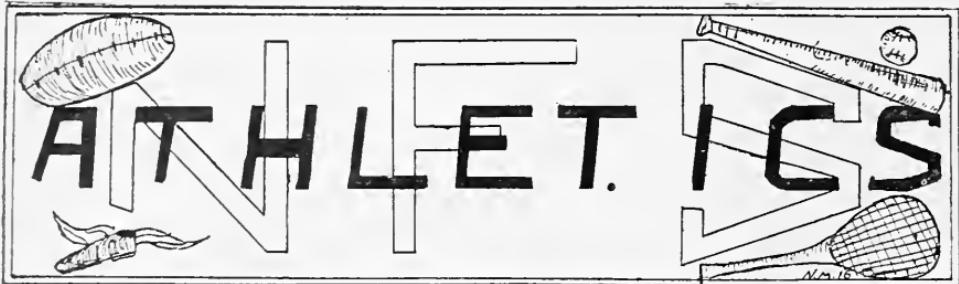
den a mynistur he gif us 10 Commandmens vot ve must obey und dey is

cins:?!—Awl de Mutts (Freshmen) must kiss de kows nose efery mornning befor eatin.

zwei=, Never go to study pery iods, as den ve kan joyn de syence klubb.

tree=— buy tottsy-wootsy Rolls for de seenyors and Joonyors.

(Continued on page 10)



CHARLES R. WAGNER, *Editor*

## BASEBALL NEWS

With the approach of real spring weather candidates were called out for try-outs to support the Green and Gold on the diamond.

The veterans still show their old form, but will have to fight hard to hold their berths, for the recent practices have shown up some excellent material in the Freshman class.

This year N. F. S. will turn out a team of championship calibre. Boys, it is certainly encouraging to see the "spirit" which is being shown this year in all athletics. To continue with such "spirit" spells success for Farm School.

Manager Burger has arranged a hard schedule for the season. It follows:

April 15—School of Industrial Arts, at home.

May 6—Open.

May 13—U. of P. Engineers, at home.

May 20—N. J. State Normal, at Trenton.

May 27—Perkasie Alumni, at home.

June 10—Open.

June 17—Open.

June 24—Open.

## TENNIS

The tennis courts are being put into condition and in a short time the tennis team will start practicing for the match with Camp Arden. No doubt, this will be the hardest contest which we'll have.

Manager Camen's motto for tennis, "Feed her lots of pep, boys!"

## ALUMNI NOTES

Victor K. Fischlowitz, '16, who was the *literae* editor of THE GLEANER while here, is perfecting himself in farm management at the Missouri State Agricultural College.

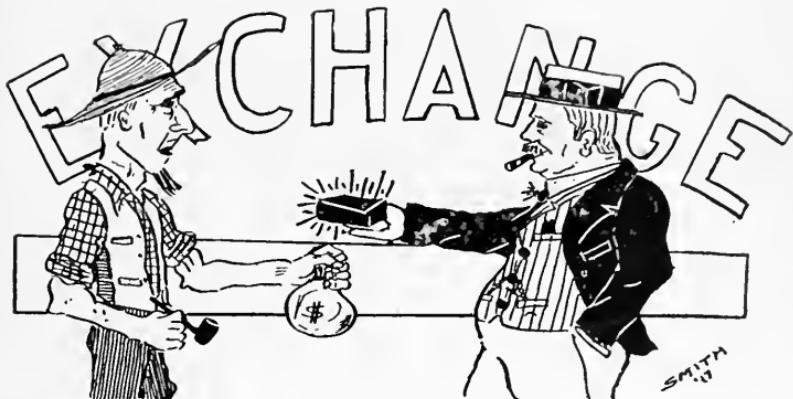
"Pinkie" Hancherow, '16, is managing the Janowitz estate, in Dutchess county, N. Y.

Samuel Dorfman, '16, is the herdsman of the Susscroft Farms, Sussex, N. J.

Benjamin Ezrin, '16, is associated as an instructor with Mr. Eaton, formerly Professor of Dairying and Poultry at this school and now Dean of the Gilbert School of Practical Agriculture.

Arthur S. Levintow, '16, is connected with the firm of S. S. Shidelsky, one of the largest of wholesale florists in the east.

Benjamin Kesselman, '16, is in charge of the Henry Clay estate, Beesley's Point, N. J.



HARRY SCHUFFMAN

In perusing the various exchanges that have accumulated on our desk, we have observed the ever-repeating theme of "School Spirit," expressed editorially or otherwise. This comment often leads to the question, "Is a paper truly representative of its school when written by a mere handful of members composing a staff?" Our answer is, "Nay." When papers are not comprised of student contributions they are not "by the school, of the school and for the school." As this condition is almost an invariable one and as real success can be attained only by "democratic" spirit in school journalism, we say unto the EDITORS: "In proportion as you produce student response, even so shall be your success."

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Irwinian, The Archive, The Garnet and White, The Iris, The Onas, H. A. S. Record, The Argylite, The Brown and White, The Breccia, The Courier, Signal (N. J. State Normal), Delaware College Review, The Student (Covington, Ky.), The Student (Portsmouth, Va.), The Oriole (Baltimore, Md.), Blue and Gray, The South-

ern, The Review, The Canary and Blue, The Red and Black.

The Iris and The Onas—If some of our "Antis" could be shown such papers as The Iris and The Onas, their ideas of women's inferiority might be severely shaken.

The Oriole (Baltimore City College)—The Oriole sings a note from a height such as few other papers have attained. The various departments are well conducted, while the whole magazine manifests a spirit so bright, even as suggested by the emblem on its cover.

The Canary and Blue—The Thanksgiving number of The Canary and Blue (recently sent us) is tinged with the true holiday spirit. The cover is novel and appropriate, while the literary and school notes departments merit commendation.

#### As Others See Us

GLEANER—THE GLEANER, from Bucks county, Pa., is another of our small exchanges. Your January edition has one of the best short stories I have read in a long time. Don't you think your readers would enjoy a joke department?—Red and Black.

GLEANER—Your cartoons are an interesting feature. Why not insert a joke column?—Archive.

## THE GLEANER

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